

Intellectual
Vagabond



Editions

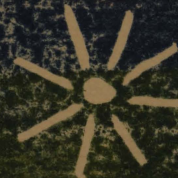
TIME BOMBS

DISGUISED

AS POEMS



by



PETE WINSLOW

HURRICANE FRED

A guy came along on a horse
Shouting into a bullhorn that the
turtles were coming
We said so what
He told us they'd eat the furniture
Drink the gas from the cars
Run up the phone bill and keep the
lights on in the daytime
Well we battened down the hatches
And sure enough they came millions
of them
Moving in off the freeway
Eating doorknobs and drinking fuel
Wanting only to be loved
We gave them love took them into our
homes
Let them eat and drink what they wanted
Let them sleep with our daughters
And at last they went back into the
swamp
Everyone pitched in to clean up the
mess
We scrubbed the turtle poop off of
everything
Until the town looked the same as
before
Now there's just the children with
shells on their backs
To remind us of Hurricane Fred.

TIME BOMBS DISGUISED AS POEMS

Foraged from
the forgotten wordplay
of
Pete Winslow

INTELLECTUAL VAGABOND EDITIONS
Damned Poets Series #1
2017

THE ANARCHIST GUIDEBOOK

After you pay your taxes, buy all
your licenses,
submit to the draft and spend 40 hours
at the
office, you've still got half an hour
a day for
anarchy.

Some of the things you can do are
not read the newspaper
not buy any advertised product
jaywalk
play the accordian badly on street
corners
write a subversive children's book
eat something inedible like treebark
erasers or dynamite
go into a supermarket with various
obscure items and place them on
the shelves
paint meat different colors
organize protest marches at classic
music stations to demand top 40
tunes
and enlist support for all candidates
who campaign in Uncle Sam costumes.
After you have more experience with
anarchy
you can improvise.

FORAGER'S INTRODUCTION

Many years ago - I think in 1981 or 1982 - I stole a small book of poetry from City Lights Books in San Francisco. For any moralists reading this, aghast that I would steal from such a place, let me ease your puritan minds (or not). I had barely enough income at the time to cover food and rent. Would you deny those with wild and fertile imaginations their poetry, their free-spirited intellectual stimulation, the mad beauty that lets them see beyond the demands of the economy, the banality of daily life in a work and pay society? Pete Winslow (and any true poet) certainly would not have. When I'm feeling generous, I like to think that when Ferlinghetti came up with the idea of "pocketbook editions" of such poetry, it was so that those without funds could still get poetry without the shame of begging. Most likely, I am being overly generous to Ferlinghetti. Pete Winslow, on the other hand, was a true poet and so an outlaw. He would have understood why, so many decades ago, I had to pocket A DAISY IN THE MEMORY OF A SHARK.

I feel that Pete Winslow would have shared the attitude of the late French outlaw and poet, Albertine

Sparks of the broken hearts of the
 young
Sparks of the castles wherein dwell
 the hearts of the old
Sparks of the non-beating hearts of
 the hopeless
Sparks of the fiery hearts of
 revolutionaries
Sparks of the hearts of meat of the
 oppressed
Sparks of daylight at the end of the
 sleeve
Sparks of live coals in the sandwich
Sparks of virtue strained from the
 juices of electrocuted criminals
Sparks of the leftover dreams of the
 dead
Sparks of the dreams coming to a boil
Sparks of the dreams of the sentimental
 embryo
Sparks of the dreams of the electronic
 tube with its expanding eye
Sparks of the night in which roses
 glow
Sparks of the loveless oranges
Sparks of the person crushed by
 alternatives
Sparks of the cluttered sky

Sarrazin: "Everything is my due, but I want to take it for myself"; no begging, no asking permission, regardless of how "poor" you may be.

In any case, the book was a revelation for me. Pete Winslow broke down the doors and smashed the locks that separated dream from waking life, the hidden inner worlds of imagination, with its anarchic refusal of a gray, imposed reality, from the outer world, the banal daily life that this wild imagination would undermine.

Unfortunately, in my vagabond life, I lost this amazing little book. For some reason (perhaps because it was a business and so had every reason to maintain the existing reality), City Lights let this book (by a poet who died - at the young age of 37 - a year before it was published) go out of print while keeping far more banal (though far more profitable) versifiers in print, the sort of crap that pleases "radical" and "alternative" academics with degrees in literature.

For a long time, all I had was my memory of this marvelous book. Then, a few years ago, I found a copy through inter-library loan. I am not sure if it was a complete copy. I photocopied it and found I had the "Foreword" followed by some poems, "Part Two: The

The old and new collide every couple
of billion years
Striking sparks that set the mind
racing
Sparks of feasting on the charred
flesh of one's comfort
Sparks of triumphal entry into snow
castles
Sparks of delight where the sun shines
in pyrites
Sparks of recall in running water
Sparks of invertebrate pleasure under
the tires of rolligons
Sparks of armless athletes swimming
hilariously through the fallopian
tubes
Sparks of the meeting of day and night
with the cells making love every
instant
Sparks of winter clinging to spring
like flakes of white coal
Sparks of the elegant horror of a
chair leg burned away
Sparks of people speaking the crazy
thoughts of fish
Sparks of new fruits the same as the
old except for the writing inside
Sparks of speech among flowers
Sparks of speech among the cells and
the birth of social institutions
Sparks of the lathed and sanded hearts
of the cultivated

I am a man strangling an ocean
I have found its neck and am banging
 its head against the wall
It writhes I am kicked by sharks
Stung by eels and swallowed by huge
 clams no one told me about
The whole room is wet
When my wife comes I'll have to explain
 the corpse
Why I won't surge in my bed for a week
 or two
And the absence of breakers
But such things are nothing against
 the threat of salt water
To this land I have defended in combat
 with mighty ulcers
And where I contribute to the upkeep
 of an army
It is little enough to send my
 occupation troops into the protein
 chains
Saying we have as much right here as
 anyone

Beer Which Flows From My Hair", and
"Part Four: Halting Steps Toward
Shore". Pete Winslow, a poet and a
surrealist, and so also a trickster,
may well have put the book together
this way intentionally, but it's also
possible that the old, frail copy of
the book I found on inter-library
loan was missing parts. So what I
offer you here are those bits of that
book which inspired me so much along
a few other poems by Pete Winslow that
I've been able to forage. He was a
genuine poet and a genuine rebel, and
I don't want to see his poetry dis-
appear, buried under the sweethearts
of the academic literati. So here
for your pleasure, and hopefully to
shake you up a bit, is the wordplay
of Peter Winslow.

Apio Ludd
June 2017

Is in weeds on our graves
I am of no nationality ever
 contemplated
But I have a flag
One star in a blue field
And the river of human life
The living flag of an impossible
 nation
Which I intend to demand

Be realistic: demand the
impossible!
--slogan, Paris 1968,
attributed to Jean Duvignaud and
Michel Leiris

I am of no nationality ever
contemplated by the chancelleries
--Aimé Césaire

My brief glimpse of just one star
Just one stripe
In the flag which unseen as an old
woman
Lies flat on so many windows
Did not admit me to patriotism
That room where tickets are collected
every day and cost nothing
I saw one star clearly for just a
moment
White as a virgin's desire
In a blue field
Which will turn green no sooner than
the sky
It had no politicians in it
And the girl all in white was black
as often as not
I saw a long red stripe
A river of blood
In which everyone bathed without
permission
It will turn green when the only blood

PART 1: A DAISY IN THE MEMORY OF
A SHARK

No one knew just when history turned
backwards
But suddenly the flowers from past
years began to seem familiar
Then the extinct animals came back
Dragging their huge tails through
unemployment lines
We kept on going of course
Through the crusades and the wars
of the roses
Until we found ourselves with all
power in our hands
In a primordial gasball
Just us and the snake at the cocktail
party before the debut

FOREWORD

I see him in my future. He has selected my worst poems, from the years when I was most harried and short of poetic breath, and is using them as a pretext for some bland esthetic doctrine. Well, that's all right. Let him drag out poems written before I knew anything: I'm more careful now, that's all. My stories rejected by Playboy: that's all right, I have had the privilege of rejecting Playboy, except for occasional peeks at the photography. There's nothing he can do to hurt me, for I have kept the best poems so low-keyed that the worst are always close to them, and even the worst are not civilized. Those I hope to write are not only apart from civilization, they show the trails leading away so clearly they cannot coexist with it. I leave time bombs around disguised as poems -- even the connoisseur of duds gets his eyes opened once in a while.

PART 4: HALTING STEPS TOWARD SHORE

The bargain basement opened on a
meadow of kisses
Crowds of women handled the flowers
as if they were stone phalluses
I reached for forests of intelligence
but they fell away
Leaving me a fossil in which my name
was written
The loop of the L said everything
It said to kiss the worm which dragged
a flower over lava
A beautiful woman stood in its place
her hair blown in the wind inside
a stone
I touched her gently she was only
three inches high
Her tears made my fingers grow until
my arms ended in distant mountains
I was the snow the tundra dotted with
tiny blue daisies the fragrance
seducing the caribou
On my white back the exercises of
breathing leather
Slowly I swallowed the mammoth and
the bear woke in the spring beneath
a glacier
I called the ocean by its first name
I became an eon but a billion years
passed in an instant
And I never had time to write my poems
which take the form of erosion
of the ice cap
A few icebergs some blue fumes a daisy
in the memory of a shark

How may I become your clothes when
 you are so lovely nude
This is the problem of the moon
Whose solution is to disappear slowly

A few dim stars are upon me out of
 the candle
The reflected yesterdays touch one
 another again
She lies asleep where I lived in my
 imagination
Some Paris burned down
The man who holds her is a poet too
 but he writes with the sweat of
 his love
They are shiny together
She doesn't recognize me with my
 inhabited moon
The cities in the heavens sigh
For burning is heavy work

Hold my hand, I am afraid that
when I am not looking
the horizon will slide
under the carpet

--Penelope Rosemont

Hold my hand your fingers
Have the feel of being lighter than
air
Shall we fly together
To where the rainbow smoulders
The horizon slides in our bed
The way the sky floats in its
reflections
We are embers from the prism
It is much like being radioactive
They could develop instruments
To detect us if they dared

It's lovely on the ocean at night
Nothing holding us up
Nothing holding us down
The moon with its bandages ready to
comfort the white creatures whose
lips are torn by speech
Whose hair is the seaweed of the heart
Where the center of the ocean lies in
an unmarked grave
The songs of mermaids tumble out of
the surf at midnight
Along with the torches of drowned
incendaries
And love letters found by children
whose parents have forgotten them
To whom low tide is a place to live
The letters say we set out in the
little boats of our hands

The invisible telephones of the wind
are ringing
The sleepy mayor of the stolen town
dines on a flyspeck
In an airborne grotto where three-
legged women are seen dimly through
the foam
And candles on the underwater birthday
cake blaze like highway flares
Like strange bumps in one's side
Like the ocean tasting of caramel
Like the tide taking a bath
Like silken spinach
Like the knees of carrots
O the songs rise from the worm holes
in my heart into a mist of immobile
raindrops

The air is damp with waiting
In the curved headaches of lightning
bolts
Lightning is really the incandescence
of tables with fire in the drawers
Trout are leaping in the river of
wind under my pillow
My pillow over my face
Its hair turning my mind to feathers

Shall I ever kiss you
Or your murderous lips as they go by
Minnows puckering their earthquakes

Sunspots hibernate upon a cache of
arrows
At the spot on the map where there
is no X
Where scrolls are fast as hotrods
And light ricochets from the eye
A fume seeks its place in the prism
As the claws of night
Disappear in wavy blows of music

In the air picketed by hours with
missing minutes
Robot mice sprout fronds of imitation
feathers
Faucets drip with mercury
While statues on roller skates stand
all about
And the tractor races the bee for
the trophy of eggshells
I can only dismantle the motors of
the cigarette
Whose cheeks have grown rosy in the
snow
The man who shoes the winged horse
carries magnets inside his skin
He knows where I am going

for Schlechter Duvall

1
To trample the sun while breasts escape
from the fissures in your chest
Is to shoot the arrow tied to your
foot into the vaginal angel

2
To enter the cavern where the eye
swims like a hairy fish
Is to pierce with erectil scissors
the ribs of the violet

3
To immolate the lark in the third
hour of trying to tell what time
it is
Is to risk the revenge of nostrils
stuffed with feathers

You are a log cabin in the desert
You are the Statue of Liberty answering
a huge stone telephone
You are hard to kiss with your lips
of heavy elements
You are a lion in a fur-lined cage
You are a canary with acne
You are a rocking chair carved from
toenails
You are a licensed hurricane
You are licking the wounds of the
eclipse
Hello I want my revenge
You are a deep sea diver wrinkled
by smoke

PART 2: THE BEER THAT FLOWS FROM
MY HAIR

The piano is empty the grave is filled
with music
The scenery has collapsed the air is
full of artillery smoke
Three wounded fish signal madly for
war to stop
While sweetness is wrung from fire
by hands wrapped in the ears
of elephants
I am famous for the beer which flows
from my hair